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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 6, 1904. NUMBER 6

"THESE THINGS SHALL BE."*

**Hymn sung to the tune of "Duke Street," by the Handel and Hayden Societies at the great Peace Congress held in Symphony Hall, Boston, on Sunday evening, October 2.*

These things shall be!—A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
Not to spill human blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom, of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies;
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin nor shame,
And wrath and wrong shall fettered lie;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

—*John Addington Symonds.*

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Song of Glenann.—*Moirra O'Neill*	83
Notes	83
Children without Childhood; or Anarchy in the Public Schools	85
Thirty-three Years After the Fire	85
An October Day.—A. S. PERRY	86
Memories of "The Great Fire."—*Samuel S. Greeley*	87
A Legend of Harvest.—*Augustus V. Bombarger*	93
THE FIELD.	
Today.—WILLIAM BRUNTON	93
University Extension	93
Chicago	93
Foreign Notes.—M. E. H.	94
The Sunday-school	94
The Japanese Soldier	95

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE
OF THE
Iowa Association of Unitarian
And Other Independent Churches,
AT
Unity Church, Decorah, Iowa,
Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday,

October 11, 12, and 13, 1904.

"The Church must change its form with changing conditions of life; but unless the root-elements of human nature become permantly changed, the Aspiration and Ethical Passion of mankind will forever kneel at some Altar, and voice themselves in some heart-name for the Eternal, in some sort of a Church."

Tuesday, October 11

2:15 P. M. Trustees' Meeting.

3:30 P. M. Ministers' Meeting.

Address—Rev. Wilson M. Backus, Chicago. "Fads and Fancies in Church Work."

7:30 P. M. Sermon—Rev. Wilson M. Backus, Secretary Western Unitarian Conference.

Wednesday, October 12

9:30 A. M. Business Meeting.

President's Address.

Secretary's Report.

11:00 A. M. Paper—Rev. Edward A. Cantrell, Rock Rapids. "The Faith of the Prophets; A Study of Personal Ideals."

12:00 Noon. Devotional Meeting.

12:45 P. M. Lunch in Church Parlor.

2:00 P. M. Paper—Dr. Duren J. H. Ward, Iowa City. "The Sunday Meetings."

3:30 P. M. Paper—Rev. Robert E. Ramsey, Humbolt. "Graded Studies in the Sunday School.

7:00 P. M. Address—Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago. "The Three Reverences."

Thursday, October 13

9:30 A. M. Business Meeting.

Reports of Committees

11:00 A. M. Address—Rev. Arthur M. Judy, Davenport. "How to Make Unitarians Who Will Work for the Spread of Unitarianism."

12:00 Noon. Devotional Meeting.

12,45 P. M. Lunch in Church Parlor.

2:00 P. M. Paper—Rev. Effie K. M. Jones, Pastor Universalist Church, Waterloo. "Relation of the Church to Social Reforms."

3:30 P. M. Paper—Rev. Edward B. Payne. "The Man and the Institution."

7:30 P. M. Closing Address—Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Boston, President American Unitarian Association.

INVITATION

All people interested in promoting Freedom, Fellowship, Character and Service in Religion are cordially invited to attend the Conference. Unity Church of Decorah offers to delegates and friends the hospitality of its homes.

MRS. J. H. LOGSDEN, Secretary. JOHN F. TOPLIFF, President.

To Delegates and Visiting Friends

Those expecting to attend are requested to send their names to Rev. Margaret T. Olmstead, Decorah. Come to the Church, corner of Main and River streets, four blocks west, one south from C. M. & St. P. depot, two blocks south, five west from Rock Island depot. A reception committee will be found at the Church.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1904. NUMBER 6

A Song of Glenann.

Och, when we lived in ould Glenann
  Meself could lift a song!
An' ne'er an hour by day or dark
  Would I be thinkin' long.

The weary wind might take the roof,
  The rain might lay the corn;
We'd up an' look for better luck
  About the morrow's morn.

But since we come away from there
  An' far across the say,
I still have wrought, an' still have thought
  The way I'm doin' the day.

An' now we're quarely betther fixed,
  In troth! there's nothin' wrong;
But me an' mine, by rain an' shine
  We do be thinkin' long.

—*Moirra O'Neill.*

A brother minister of national repute, whose ecclesiastic relations are far removed from the camp in which most of the UNITY workers do dwell, sends a love offering of five dollars with the word that he would like to have others know that every number of UNITY receives from him careful reading, and that it is the first consulted among the papers received.

Of making new organizations in these days there is no end. "The Institute of Social Science and Art," designed to give training for philanthropic and social work, is the latest organization. If we understand it, it is designed to co-operate with the University College, a branch of the University of Chicago. The list of officers of instruction includes the names of Professors Graham Taylor, C. R. Henderson, Alexander Johnson, Julia C. Lathrop, Frederick H. Wines, Ernest P. Bicknell, H. H. Hart, and others. The prospectus speaks of "field work," "laboratory research," "library facilities," and gives the courses of instruction and open lectures. Parties interested can secure the prospectus by directing to the above name, Fine Arts Building, 203 Michigan Avenue.

"Self Healing Through Suggestion" is the title of a little book of sixty pages by Henry Harrison Brown, of California. The pages are almost hysterical with the lavish use of italics, caps, small caps and startling side-heads. There is a generous use of what in the slang of the print shop are called "screechers," i. e., exclamation points. The result of all this is to seem to give technical meaning and professional profundity to that which, when put in plain type, would go for very common sense, very common experience, and a universally accepted but too much neglected truth. If this attempt to give uniqueness to what is as old as fireside wisdom will make it go further and help enforce it to any degree, we may well be reconciled to the violation of the canons of modest typography and the too egotistic claim and tendency of such a book.

This week the Peace Congress assembled in Boston. Philadelphia and New York have made extensive preparations for collateral meetings. The New York Board of Trade sends ten delegates, and the organization is to give a special reception and luncheon to the foreign delegates during their visit to New York. Oscar S. Strauss, the well known author, the latest biographer of Roger Williams, is president of the Board and much public spirit may be expected. Philadelphia has arranged for a series of meetings to be held in different parts of the city under various auspices. We are sorry that the Chicago Board of Trade directed its secretary to send word that it deemed it "inexpedient to send delegates," but, as if half ashamed of its apathy, it reminds the chairman in the same letter that on the 15th of March last the Board did pass resolutions upon the subject of international arbitration. The time has gone by when the cause of the Peace Congress can be considered as the vagary of a few preachers, poets and reformers. It has become a pressing question in economics, an imperative demand of commerce. Last year when this Congress met in France the Minister of Commerce, M. Trouillet, attended the Congress by the express designation of the cabinet and delivered an important address on "The Fundamental Relation of the Peace Cause to Commercial Progress." At the Congress in Boston addresses will be made by a large number of representative men of affairs. Gentlemen of the business world, this Congress represents business, your business; if you do not attend to its business, it will seriously attend to your business.

The doctrine enunciated by Elihu Root in his address delivered before the National Republican Convention in Chicago last June in his capacity as temporary Chairman, that "ours is a government by party," is untrue to fact and is as pernicious as it is false. Parties do exist and will exist, but only in proportion as they represent the moving, flexible qualities that belong to progressive society can they be helpful. The saving power in the history of the United States has been the extra-partisan element that outside both parties has pioneered great causes. The sanitary element in local, state and national politics is the independent voter who will not allow himself to be delivered at the polls by national or other committees, whether or no. The most efficient legislative bodies are those that escape the clear domination of one party. He is neither a philosopher nor a statesman who assumes that a party is a fixed quantity, even a calculable force, as even a superficial study of platforms will indicate. All the great movements and

noble advances in the history of the United States sprang up outside of parties and were at first distrusted by parties; eventually they were adopted by parties, or, failing that, they created parties. The menace of the state today is partisanship as the menace of the church is sectarianism. The "mugwump," the independent, the man who dares scratch his ticket, will become the most vital factor in American life today. To increase this noble army of "scratchers" is the work of the true patriot. When the votes are all in next November the philosopher will scan with eager and intelligent eye the shifting vote; he will be interested in the totals of the prohibitionists, socialists, labor, and other "insignificant" (?) parties that represent the men who are "foolish" enough to "throw away their votes."

The committee appointed by the American Unitarian Association a year ago last spring to report on "New Americans" have published the result of their inquiry in an interesting pamphlet of thirty-two pages. Robert C. Douthit, who has acted as secretary for the committee, has shown intelligence and skill in the accumulation of his material. He shows that in the last forty years 16,000,000 people of foreign birth have been added to the population of the United States. The percentage of foreign parentage in 1870 was 28+; in 1900 34+. By that census more than one-third of the population of the United States were either of foreign birth or foreign parentage. The high tide of immigration was in the year 1903 when 1,000,000 aliens arrived. The largest number, 250,000, came from Italy. For every boy born in southern Italy, two men migrate to the United States. It is claimed that there are more people of Irish birth in the United States than in Ireland. Popular conception notwithstanding, if this report is true, more than one-fourth of those who come to America stay in New York, and more than one-half of the population of the eastern states are of foreign birth and parentage. This committee naturally has sought the religious bearing of these figures. The Lutheran and Catholic churches are of course the most popular, but there is a vast amount of individualistic infidelity, so-called, found in these realms. Two-thirds of the Bohemian element in Chicago are reported as having drifted out of the Roman Catholic church. In this city there are three hundred Bohemian societies in which "infidelity" is the basis of the teaching. Thirty infidel papers are published, one of them having a circulation of more than 15,000. Mr. Steiner, who has published his investigations in the *Outlook*, is of the opinion that all this indicates "only a desire for a more liberal type of relgion; a reaction, not a permanent condition." After presenting many more very interesting facts the committee recommends the appointment of missionaries who can speak two foreign languages, the printing of tracts in foreign languages, the publication of hymn books, service books, etc., in the Scandinavian tongue and the better support of existing missions. As one who grew up in a bi-lingual home, attending church and Sunday-school in a foreign tongue when a child, we venture to suggest that these foreigners will be Americanized faster than any machinery in the foreign tongue can be made operative. The great missionary task is to Americanize these foreigners and to humanize the American message that is to be offered to them, ameliorate the dogmatism, increase the democracy, and enlarge the culture and sympathy of the English-speaking churches of America that they may the more speedily absorb this mass of material that becomes Anglicized in a generation and Americanized in less time when the public schools do their high work in an adequate way.

Collier's for October first is a harvest number, with articles on the "Drama of the Harvest" and "The Farm Worker," significantly illustrated. The man with a pitch-fork forms the frontispiece, and A. B. Frost's double-page illustration of "The Sick Cow" forms an attractive centerpiece were it not marred by the too human pig and the over-excited poultry. Many of the leading magazines are learning to take more and more pains to give artistic and literary interpretation to the farm. We hope that this is prophetic of a change of interest and that the tide is setting in from the city to the country, which has so long been flowing the other way. Life on the farm must become more and more honorable as well as more and more profitable.

Unlike the craftsmen of other trades, the hired man has been from the start the social equal of his employer. He has been an immediate member of the family. He has eaten at the family table—changed off with the *man* of the house in staying at home on Sundays and helping the *woman* of the house to tend the babies, do churning, and peel potatoes. He knows no eight-hour law, and is unacquainted with walking delegates. He rises at 4 a. m. and works till 8 p. m. in harvest time, and he early learns to say "We" and "Ours." The fact that he has no regular hours has contributed to his manhood. He is an individual with responsibilities and not a cog in a machine. He feels a personal responsibility for the crops which he has nursed to maturity, and in view of a threatening sky it is not uncommon to see a farmer debating with his hired man as to whether or not *they* dare leave the ungathered harvest out overnight, and it is no less uncommon for this hired man to argue the farmer into the overwork.

The shopworker at his lathe or spindle only sees his fraction of the constructive whole in which his employer is interested, and hence overtime work to him is an imposition and an intrusion upon his liberty. The hired man on the farm sees his employer's unity of purpose. The whole concrete thing is before him. He can see the storm gathering or the locusts coming, and he defies time, heat, cold, night, day, everything, to save the property that is within his power to make. And, too, unlike the great industrial wheels of other enterprises, he has his compensation in time. Express companies, railways, foundries, and factories have their seasons of overtime demands, but they have no seasons of undertime, whereas the hired man has winter hours in which by the kitchen fire he plays checkers with his boss, reads the "Weekly Seed and Harvester," makes suggestions on the spring planting, and drives to the schoolhouse for the children. He learns to discuss politics and religion—to love his country, and when necessary to fight and die for his flag. The Civil War records are full of his heroic deeds. He is not environed by grog shop, dance hall, music hall, etc. His leisure hours afford opportunity for building substantial citizenship. He is not a hired *hand*; that is a shop, factory, and railroad phrase. He is a hired *man*.

In the making of our nation no story has been repeated more often than that of the trusted farm worker, who, to the entire satisfaction of everybody, marries the daughter of his employer, and with team, cow, canvas-covered wagon, and bride sets out to claim new land and to build into citizenship with the next commonwealth west. The fact that he was a hired man never counted against him.

In tracing the evolution of the hired man the hired girl should not be overlooked. Her road was much the same as his, leading to an equally inspiring result. But there is this

significant difference: The higher in life the man rises the greater becomes his pride in his beginning. He boasts of the time when he "worked by the month for John Jones," but his wife is silent concerning—if not ashamed of—the fact that at the same time she worked by the week for Mrs. George Smith, the next neighbor, and while there became acquainted with her future husband. Our colleges, legislatures and Congresses are full of men who boast of the fact that their fathers "worked out" on the farm. But they say nothing about the equally honorable fact that their mothers did the same thing.

For over seventy years the country population has been feeding our great and growing cities. The immigrant boy who began as a hired man and became an independent farmer found his son through discontent yielding to the city's lure. Because of this vacancy his place was filled by the new farm worker from foreign shores. Economic conditions have for years made the farm a struggle of such kind that those who could, fell into less arduous pursuits. Yet with all this no home-making chance has been half so good to the intelligent and hard-working man of honest ambition as the farm on shares. Many a good Ole, realizing this, has taken his Katrina on to the eighty-acre half clearing above the creek and despite iniquitous freight rates and the usurious mortgage interest, the reaper took the place of the cradle, and the binder succeeded the reaper; the spring wagon which was one time a luxury gave way to the long-reach buggy; the boxlike cottage grew important with bow windows, and that fabulous extravagance, the melodeon, was forgotten when the upright piano came to gladden the grown-up daughter. In spite of stubborn adversity the hired man has in this way built his home, which, as Gladstone has said, is the foundation of the state.—*From an Article by Richard Lloyd Jones in Collier's Weekly for October 1st, 1904.*

Children Without Childhood; or Anarchy in the Public Schools.

There is no greater calamity that can befall the individual soul than to lose its childhood. Alas for the children when the factory crowds out the playground and the buoyancy of youth is lost in the weariness of the mill. But childhood is menaced not alone by the mill. Alas also for the child who grows prematurely old in the ways of the world, in the conceits of society, in the affectations and the pretensions childhood, and, in default of parental competency, parental legislation, are as much needed on the avenue as they are on the side streets. It is a pity when children prematurely outgrow the shelter of father and mother wisdom and in their youthful conceits affect to settle questions for themselves in a way that defies the maturer wisdom of their elders and the order of society established by the rules and regulations of teachers and school boards and city and state enactments. Chicago has just had the humiliating spectacle of a grammar school on a strike with all the spectacular accompaniments of pickets, buttons, memorials, committees, etc., etc., simply because of the alleged complexion of a proposed new teacher whom most of them had never seen.

Last spring, after careful consideration and investigation, the Board of Education and the Superintendent of the public schools of Chicago came to the conclusion that the introduction of the "Greek letter" fraternities and sororities into the high schools and high grammar grades was a detriment to the pupils, an interference with the studies, the disciplines and the democracies that become the public school system. The action of the officials was heartily commended by a great majority of the parents and their approval was expressed in many public and private ways. Now we find "Young America" talking of "getting out an injunction" to prevent the school board from taking steps looking to the enforcement of discipline in this direction. Pert little boys and girls are found assuming the airs of young men and women. They flaunt their "badges" and "pins" in the eyes of the public and are defiantly saying, "How can you help yourself?" while teachers, and, what is sadder, the majority of parents, wring their hands helplessly and say, "What can we do about it? How can we help it? We do not approve, but our 'Johnny' and 'Mary' are in it, and their playmates are in it, and we do not like to crush the dear children, or make them seem odd," etc., etc.

Thus it is that children are being allowed to rob themselves of their childhood by over-indulgent and weak parents and at the same time to enact themselves into an orphanage in the realms of the spirit while father and mother are still unburied.

It may be better for the boy and girl, as it certainly is better for the nation, that they should grow prematurely old at the lathe and the loom, taking too early upon them the altruistic responsibilities of life, than that they should grow prematurely old under the social responsibilities, the legislative anxieties and the selfish contempt for the wishes and judgments of their elders that come from the factions and functions which belong to mature life if they belong anywhere. If childhood is to be strained and robbed of its bloom it had better be by an excess of service than by an excess of self-will which leads to selfishness.

True childhood has in it an indispensable element of obedience. Submission to law and order is one of the most valuable preparations for life. Anarchy is a hundred-fold more pitiable and more dangerous when manifested in high school circles than in the halls of labor unions, or amid the din of the shops or the stock yards.

When a band of little boys of the primary department blindfold and duck a little new comer into a tub of cold water, the principal motive is to do like their elders; they are putting on college airs; they are assuming manly sports. They are subjects not for lectures but for discipline. Perhaps the wisest procedure would be to give them an ignominious ducking at the hands of a hired man and then put them to bed with a bread and water supper, the subject ever after to be ignored with the lofty indifference of the universe as being unworthy of mention. It is the task of the school, the church, as well as the home, to see to it that the great law of evolution enunciated so forcibly by John Fiske,—progress by the prolongation of the period of infancy,—be not interfered with, even by the children themselves.

Thirty-Three Years After the Fire.

As mothers count time from the birth of their children, so Chicago counts time from the great holocaust which was at once the death day and the birthday of Chicago. A generation has passed, and that terrible event is haloed with romance, mystery and adventure. Comparatively few of the present two million people, more or less, who rejoice in the Chicago of today can realize the horror or remember the awful days; and, indeed, there is reason to presume that it abides chiefly in the minds of many as comedy rather than as trag-

edy. The funny things that happened, the grotesque situations, the cheerful spirit that ran through it all—these survive more vividly in the written annals than do the lurid agonies, the awful pathos of the situation.

It is for this reason that we have asked permission to reproduce in another column the vivid description of the event from the pen of our old friend and the friend of all progressive and hopeful things, Samuel S. Greeley.

The exciting description in this article shows the literary skill of our friend. The frankness and the personal touches lift the article beyond all literary skill and make of it a revealment of the human heart. As many of our old readers will remember, Mr. Greeley was for many years the Senior Civil Engineer in the City of Chicago; he was a good right hand to Robert Collyer, a moving spirit in all that made for the betterment of Chicago. Boston born and bred, reared in the "Channing Church," he brought to this new city the elements of culture, integrity and progressiveness that it needed, and still, well along towards the eighties, Mr. Greeley states, he goes to business and on occasion can doubtless handle his compass, while he enjoys in beautiful serenity a degree of leisure in his Winnetka home with his children and grandchildren about him.

The news of the Chicago fire reached the writer of these sentences while attending a conference at Baraboo, Wisconsin, when that beautiful landscape was overlaid with the dense clouds of smoke and the air was heavy with the odors of burning pine, for all the senses seemed to corroborate the suggestions of the telegraph that "all the northwest was afire." The Senior Editor of UNITY hastened to the smoking city and found the pavements too hot to walk upon.

The figure of the Phœnix has been overworked in the story of Chicago. It has arisen from its ashes; the waste places were rebuilt with astonishing rapidity; what went down in wood arose in brick and stone. In a material sense Chicago was newer; ay, if one is enamored of the adjective, *transformed* by fire. But let not those who inherited the inspirations of the fire accept them too lightly, for a few of us old ones know that the Chicago fire, like all fires, was a devastation, and that there is no restoration to cinders and ashes. Nerves were incinerated that night beyond the power of restoration. The unread books and the uneaten breakfasts described so pathetically by Mr. Greely represent the calamity of hundreds of homes. A few individuals were able to recoup themselves, to stay in the restoration and to reconstruct their homes, their fortunes and their lives, but many others, perhaps the majority of the individuals, never recovered. The city went on conquering and to conquer, mindless of the individuals who were consumed as inevitably as were their homes, only by a slower fire.

The City of Chicago is justifying the wildest prophecies on the material side; its aggregation of figures would prove that the fire was indeed a blessing in disguise. On its material side its people have vindicated the confidences of the world and to a degree reciprocated when subsequent calls of famine, pestilence and dire catastrophes by storm, eruptions, fire and flood came.

But perhaps the most central lesson of the fire is often missed; the burning away of the material scaffoldings called forth new and better scaffoldings. But the spirit that proved itself in that emergency to be independent of scaffoldings and that should have continued to an increasing degree to be superior to surroundings has not always been vindicated. Burnt churches were restored through the generosity of the world only to find their walls inadequately used if not ultimately abandoned. The democracy so beautifully described by our friend Greeley, which was the realization and revelation of the fiery visitation, was abandoned as the house grew in elegance, and an aristocracy of money, a conceit of culture, a pride of territory and, what is worse, an indifference to the civic moralities, have come again to desecrate the territory once consecrated by fire to the humanities of the human soul and the benefactions of the civilized world. The second Chicago is more beautiful, certainly far more costly in its mansions, than the first. Are the desires of the heart more simple, the minds more open, the hands more ready to do deeds of helpfulness, and the tongues more quick to speak words of kindness than they were before the fire? If not, then the fire was an unmeasured calamity. It is possible that the lesson of the fire has been mis-read. Let the thirty-three years of material triumph that followed it not be mistaken for a vindication of the material philosophy which assumes that plenty of things bring felicity or that the ample fortune is a guarantee of nobility or even of contentment and ease. After reading the graphic description by our good friend, let our readers again ask themselves, "Has Chicago profited by the fire? If so, in what ways?"

"It is now no child's play to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this nation. The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. All honor to Jefferson—to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so to embalm it there that today and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression."—*From a Letter of Abraham Lincoln, written in* 1859.

An October Day.

The whirring of wings up above us,
The crows cawing wildly and loud,
The leaves dropping down over all things
The earth without shadow of cloud.

The sunlight caressing and tender
As if it were bidding goodbye,
Reflected in birch-leaves and poplar
Which glitter against the blue sky;

The grass white with frost in the morning,
Then melting and sparkling with dew,
Each tree-top and shrub of the forest
Aglow with its richness of hue.

The time of a glorious fulfilling,
Of courage and hope too, for see!
The promise of spring and of summer
In leaf-buds on every tree.

A. S. PERRY.

Memories of "The Great Fire."

By Samuel S. Greeley.

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Some years after the great Chicago fire of October 9 and 10, 1871, a number of persons who had taken part in that tragedy, were asked to write, for the Illinois Historical Society, some account of their personal experience. The purpose seemed to be to get a number of independent reports of the burning, as seen by different observers in different localities and under widely varying conditions. In compliance with this request I wrote the following account, which has been lying unfinished and half forgotten in my desk for a quarter of a century. If it has value, it is that it was written while every incident and action was freshly stamped upon my brain in lines of fire.

It will be the worthy task of the future poet or dramatist to fuse the materials thus furnished by a cloud of witnesses, into the Epic or the Tragedy, which shall become part of the world's great literature, to pass down the corridors of time with the Iliad and the Aeneid. Any old thing becomes new, if it be only old enough; in this third of a century a new generation has come upon the stage, upon whose garments the smell of fire has not passed. To some of my readers, at least, I may hope that my story may be as new as the sacking of Troy or the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

The final report of a great battle does not consist in the official report of the commanding general of what he saw and what he did: it is a statement, more or less carefully compiled, of what a great number of officers and soldiers saw and did. Each division, brigade or regiment sees but a small part of the whole action: on the great number of individual reports of subordinate officers, and on their fidelity and vividness must largely depend the value of the general account, which at last passes into history.

It is with this view that I try to recall what befell me and mine in that great calamity, and I do not hesitate to set down personal details and impressions, which might otherwise seem trivial or egotistical. At the time of the great fire I was living at the northwest corner of Erie and St. Clare streets in the North Division of Chicago, in a new house which I had begun to occupy some ten weeks before. The whole region extending from the river north for half a mile to Chicago avenue and east of St. Clare street, and from St. Clare street east 1,000 feet to the low, sandy shore of Lake Michigan was known as the "Sands," a waste tract without streets, largely covered with shanties and cottages, occupied by a motley population of laborers, teamsters, idlers and many persons without visible or avowable means of support. St. Clare street was the boundary between two civilizations, and my house was on the frontier.

The members of my family then at home were my wife and myself, two of my sons, Frederick and Morris, aged respectively fifteen and eight years, and two babies, of two and a half years, and of four months. had on Friday night burned over two squares in the West Division, extending from Washington to Monroe street, and from Canal street to Clinton.

On Sunday afternoon we drove some friends to the R. R. station to take a train for Boston, and we stopped a moment in passing to wonder at the ravages of yesterday's fire. In the course of the evening, after our return home, we several times heard the peal of fire alarms, and saw the glare of fire to the south west, but we gave little heed, supposing that a strong wind had fanned a blaze in the ruins of the recent fire. Being somewhat fatigued we retired early for what was to be our last night's rest in our new pleasant home.

I think it must have been about eleven o'clock Sunday night that I awoke, as was my habit, and got up to see what the weather was, and how the night was passing. To my astonishment the night was almost as light as the day: the sky to the south west shone with a red, angry glare. Great masses of burning matter were sailing north eastward high up in the air, and a shower of sparks and cinders was falling on the sidewalks and roofs about us.

My house was the end one of a block of six new three-story brick houses, surrounded on the opposite sides of the two streets and in the rear by wooden houses and barns, and I saw at a glance that one of the myriad floating cinders might drift into the open window of a stable loft, and set the neighborhood in a blaze in a moment. I felt rather than reasoned, that the whole North Division was doomed, and that we must leave the house while there was yet a way to flee from the wrath to come. My anxiety was the greater because out of respect for my predatory neighbors, all my basement windows had been guarded by fixed iron bars; if the buildings opposite should ignite, the heat would make it impossible to get out by the front door; retreat by the rear might be equally cut off by the burning of my own stable, and we might be shut in and roasted alive.

I opened my chamber window; everything was quiet as usual, save the ominous roar and crackle of the then distant fire, and the slight rattle of falling cinders upon roofs and sidewalks. There were no lights in windows, and I heard neither voices nor bells. I awakened my wife, telling her that the whole city was afire, that the children must be dressed, and everything got ready for a hasty flight.

Without an audible sign of surprise or emotion she got up, looked out for an instant on the fearful sight, and then set to work to call the boys and servants, and to dress the drowsy babies. I hurried to the roof with pails of water to quench the blazing cinders that were falling thickly everywhere. Seeing no sign of alarm or consciousness among my neighbors, I shouted "Fire, fire!" with all my force. Soon windows began to open and lights to flash; some citizen, more sleepy or more tipsy than the rest gave forcible expression to his wrath and asked explosively—"What was the matter with the fellow on the roof, yelling like a maniac in the middle of the night?"

Meanwhile I had sent my son Frederick to sound the alarm in the streets, and to ring at the doors of friends and relatives living near. In a very short time this quarter was alive with motion; men were harnessing their teams or bringing furniture out of the houses, while those more forward in preparation were starting in flight, some in family groups on foot, carrying what they held most sacred or most useful in their hands or on their backs, while others, more fortunate, were driving away in buggies or wagons.

The scene was now indescribably grand and awful. In the half hour I had passed on my roof the fire had leaped forward with frightful speed, and was beginning to break out in detached spots in advance of the general mass. The wind had risen and was now blowing almost a gale; the masses of floating fire from roofs and warehouses were more numerous and more fiery, and the roar of flames and of falling walls was more appalling. Suddenly there came a crash like a broadside of artillery, and a vast jet of smoke and sparks shot up to heaven. It almost seemed to me a mile away, that I felt the earth tremble. It was the fall of the roof and of part of the walls of the

new Court House and City Hall, the largest building, except the grain warehouses, in the city.

The smoke was stifling, but through it the stars looked placidly down from a clear, steel blue sky, and the full moon shed a cold white light, to which the bloody glare of the fire made a ghastly contrast. All nature seemed pitilessly indifferent to this fury and turmoil, wherein a city was being shriveled and rolled together as a scroll. I was wholly possessed and awed by this violent contrast between the supreme quiet and order above and the fearful scene that was spread before me. Above sat relentless fate; below writhed a mob of terrified and helpless mortals.

Could not the power that held the stars in their courses and ruled the storm lay this tempest of hell that was raging around me? I felt that we must fly before it, and that we were powerless to prevent the ruin; and yet, if the wind would only veer or die away—there was a chance. But the hours passed and the doom was rushing upon us! It was probably between one and two in the night that I saw flames leaping up between me and the line of masts along the river, and then I knew that the fire had crossed the only barrier in our front, and was devouring the North Side. Only a space of a third of a mile, crowded with wooden buildings, was left to burn before our turn should come.

I heard my name called from the street, and, looking down over the cornice, I saw Matt. Higgins, a faithful man who had worked for me several years about the house and at the office. He had moved his wife and some poor remnants of household stuff from his rooms near the river, and had come to see what he could do for me. "What can I do to help you, Mr. Greeley?" he said. "There's not much to be done, thank you, Matt.," I shouted. "But stop, you might turn the horses out of the barn, and give them a chance for their lives in the street. The barn has been on fire once, and it might burn and roast them." "Shure, and wont yez be wanting them yourself pretty soon to haul the family out of this?" asked Matt., calmly. Actually I had not thought of that. Blinded by the smoke and dazed by the general hurly-burly, I had only felt that we must fly, without thinking how or whither. Matt.'s way was clearly the best and the horses were kept for future use. My barn took fire twice from falling cinders, but the fire was put out by my son and some neighbors, whose houses were in danger from it.

My wife came up to the roof once during this time to bring me a cup of coffee, and to take one look at the "terror by night." Little was said. I held her as she braced herself against the gale for a moment, and then she went silently down to make her last preparations for the inevitable retreat.

Shortly after two o'clock flames began to shoot up in the hoop and stave yard of Lill's brewery on the lake shore at Chicago avenue; the fire then had leaped over us, and had broken out a quarter of a mile to the north. The city water works stood just north of the brewery with only the width of a street between. The great pumps disabled, the flow of liquid ammunition must stop, and then battle would give way to rout. The time for flight had come, and I went down into the house.

While I had been standing guard and quenching cinders on the house top, I had not been unmindful of interests elsewhere. My office, which I shared with Messrs. Cleveland and French, landscape architects, was in the Shepherd building, at the southeast corner of Monroe and Dearborn streets. In it were my surveying instruments and my field books and plats of surveys, the accumulation of eighteen years' work. They were my stock in trade, and were of great value to me as guides in making surveys. But now in the destruction of the Court House and the Recorder's office, where were stored the official records of deeds and plats, and the probable loss of the records themselves, the plats and field notes of a surveyor would become of immense value to the public, in restoring lines of ownership, where all visible monuments were swept away. I did not dare to go to the South Side of the city to look after my property, fearing that the way back to my family might be cut off. I afterward learned that three of the young men attached to the offices, Messrs. John Newman, Ralph Cleveland and Harry French, went there early in the night and removed part of my papers, and of Messrs. Cleveland and French's to the office of a friend on Wabash avenue, which they thought to be out of range of the fire. On returning to the office after doing this, they found that the buildings to the windward of our block had fallen, leaving this unharmed. Apparently the danger was past; but even as they stood, rejoicing at this unlooked for chance, a sudden eddy of flame seemed to sweep back upon the building as if determined to leave nothing standing. In a moment the interior was on fire, and the young men had barely time to reach the street from the third story. All witnesses concur, I think, as to the marvelous rapidity with which solid brick buildings seemed to melt and crumble at the touch of fire. This phenomenon is, I think, common to all great conflagrations. It is distinctly stated of the great London fire of September, 1666, by both Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn in their respective diaries; and we see it in the account of the great fire of San Francisco in 1851 and of Boston in 1873.

Finding their retreat cut off, the three young men ran to the windward side of the Postoffice and Custom House on the diagonally opposite corner, where now stands the First National Bank. Here they were kept busy dancing on hot bricks for an hour, till the fire had so far swept by that they were able to escape by a circuitous route and by swift running. All the books, papers and instruments were burned in the place of deposit.

At the house, meanwhile, my wife and Annie Elm, our faithful servant—good friend as well—had dressed the two little children warmly, had chosen a few necessary articles of clothing for them—no more than could be stowed in two pillow cases, and had spread a simple lunch of hot coffee and such cold provisions as were available, which we all ate together, round the table. All was now done, and had been done quietly and in good order, and good Annie said, "Now, Mrs. Greeley, if there is nothing more you would like to have me do, I will run over to my sister's and help her with the children."

We shook hands and bade good bye, and she hastened to her next field of duty. Annie afterwards told me that she and her brood, finding all outlet to the west barred by fire, took refuge with hundreds more on the sands, at the lake shore, where they passed a hot and smoky night. By the dawn's early light she saw our row of houses still unharmed; but while she still gazed through the blinding smoke, the fire whirled back, and in half an hour all had fallen.

It was about two o'clock or a little after, when the two horses, harnessed, one to the rockaway, the other to the buggy, stood at the door. I placed my wife in the rockaway with Morris, the two little children and their nurse, a young woman, whose helplessness and abject terror make all further mention of her superfluous.

I arranged to drive the rockaway, leaving my son Frederick to follow alone with the buggy containing the two pillow cases of children's clothing and the baby wagon.

We were just starting in this order, when, to my

great joy and relief, my friend Mr. Richard Potts, an engineer in the department of public works, appeared. He was living on the West Side, beyond the reach of the fire, and had come to offer his services. He undertook to drive the rockaway to the house of Mr. William H. Clarke, on Dearborn avenue, near Burton place, while Frederick and I staid behind to take one last look through the house, and to see if anything more could be done. We passed through the parlor, glancing at the books and papers we had been reading the evening before, and which still lay on the table, as we had left them. We looked into the dining room, where the cloth was laid for a breakfast never to be eaten. In the basement my eye was caught by the iron safe, and it suddenly occurred to me that the silverware might be saved.

The gas light had now failed, but by the light of a couple of matches I unlocked the safe, swept its contents into the table cloth, which I dragged from the table, and threw the whole into the buggy. Just then my brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph T. Ryerson, came panting to the door with a huge bundle on his back, which he threw on my door-step. It contained a heavy silver service and tray valued at a thousand dollars, which had been forgotten and left in his house when his carriage drove away with his family and a few of their belongings. I placed it on top of my buggy load, and we started on our flight, noticing with a pang of regret that our poor canary bird had been left, all unconscious of his doom, hanging in his cage at an upper window.

Erie street, on which my house fronted, was a mass of flames to the west of us. We drove north on St. Clare street, and saw that the next street, Huron, too, was blocked. Superior street looked less fiery, and there I turned westward. At State street the great Catholic church of the "Holy Name" was on fire, and its lofty spire was tottering to its ruin; as we turned northward on Dearborn avenue I glanced back and saw it swaying as if about to fall.

I think we must have been the last to escape from our neighborhood, for the late Mr. Edward I. Tinkham, banker, a near neighbor, afterward told me that he came to my house to ask my help in saving a trunk containing government bonds and other securities, amounting to about a million dollars, belonging to his bank, and was told by a bystander that "the Greeleys" had just driven off. A teamster who lived near my house, was harnessing his horses to a big truck wagon partly loaded with his household goods, and Mr. Tinkham offered him a thousand dollars for the use of his wagon and team for the night. "No," said the man, "that wagon is for my family; but there is a horse and buggy that you can have with a driver for as long as you want it." The bargain was struck, and the trunk with its precious contents was placed in the buggy with the negro driver.

The banker, finding all avenue of escape to the west and north closed by fire, betook himself with his family and treasure to the lake beach near by, and afterward to the North pier of the river, whence they were removed the next afternoon by a passing tug boat, after some twelve hours of imprisonment.

As for my son Frederick and myself, meanwhile, we joined the innumerable throng in carriages and vehicles of all sorts, or on foot, all madly fleeing northward toward some unknown place of refuge. We soon reached Mr. Clarke's house, where we found the rest of my family, and with them a motley crowd of refugees, some friends or acquaintances of our host, and many entirely unknown to him.

As in the forest fire the frightened beasts forget their enmities, and herd together in some sheltered spot for common safety, so in this reign of terror men forgot that they were strangers, and established intimate, though short-lived, relations, without the formality of an introduction. Among the persons composing this chance assemblage I now recall the families of Mr. Joseph T. Ryerson, Mr. Geo. H. Rozet, Major Robert Kinzie, Mrs. Henry Tucker, Mrs. William Larned and her son William, then a cadet at West Point, at home on furlough. Mr. Clarke's parlors and bedrooms were quite filled with this crowd, so hastily thrown together by a common danger. Mrs. Clarke, with ever active hospitality, served to friends and strangers coffee and such other refreshments as she had at hand, while her supply lasted. Now and then during the night and early morning the party was stirred by the arrival of fresh fugitives, or by the return of some scouting party, who had gone forth to learn and report the advance of the enemy.

My wife and other ladies urged Mrs. Clarke to prepare for flight, and offered to help her pack her silver ware, clothing and such valuables as could be most easily transported. But her house was a mile and a half north from the river, and both she and her husband, feeling sure that the fire would stop before reaching them, refused all offers of aid, calmly awaiting events.

So the homeless company whiled away the weary hours of the night, two or three of the ladies tossing restlessly, or lying in the sleep of exhaustion, in the bedrooms kindly opened to them by Mrs. Clarke; the men dozing on chairs, or wandering vaguely about the parlors, or now and then walking a few blocks south toward the fire, to note its progress.

My horses, harnessed to the vehicles, stood hitched to posts in front of the house. Fearing that reckless fugitives, with more regard for their own safety than for my rights, might make off with one or both, I stood guard for a while on the curb stone, but after a long vigil I unconsciously sunk to the ground in the stupor of sleep. I had fled from my house clad in an old dressing gown over a night shirt. When I awoke from my nap by the horses, I had on a good overcoat, which was new to me. How I acquired it I never knew; but in after years I was led to suspect that my good brother Ryerson had somehow got me into it while I slept.

Toward morning the crowd at Mrs. Clarke's began to thin out, many finding transportation to Lake View, or to Lincoln Park; the northerly part of the park was already a vast camp of exiles, and an open air store house for household goods, carriages, pianos, books, pictures, and whatever else could be left with the faintest hope of escaping plunder. In the early morning both my vehicles were put to this service of free passenger transportation.

I had driven to the park to carry Mrs. Kinzie and her daughter with their packages, when on my return I met at the south entrance of the park a forlorn Swedish woman weeping bitterly in an agony of terror and bewilderment at the rush of people and horses. She was encumbered with a great bundle of bedding, carried a baby in her arms, and dragged several older children, who clung to her skirts. She had apparently given out, dazed and exhausted, and seemed to read on an air-drawn portal, "Ye, who enter here, leave all hope behind."

I stopped to ask her whither she would go, but she only sobbed afresh and wailed in her plaintive vernacular something about "Chicago avenue." I pointed to the park, and she nodded assent. In a moment the family and their belongings were in the buggy, and we had wheeled into line with the flying column, when I heard the voice of one crying, "Hello,

Mister, your load's afire!" Looking behind me I saw that one of the great cinders floating in the air had lighted on the woman's bundle, which was just blazing up. We beat out the fire, and in a few moments the forlorn group was seated in safety, for the time at least, on the "Swan's Island," in one of the little lakes in the park.

The oddest contrasts between the yesterday and the today were constantly met in the flying procession in the streets and park. On the sandy lake shore (the esplanade and the Lake Shore Drive were not yet built) I passed Mrs. H——— and her fair daughter Eliza throned on parlor chairs, presiding over a pile of household stuff, while her two sons were painfully dragging trunks over the sand to add to the collection. The two heads of a prominent hardware firm, L. and N. were toiling manfully northward afoot, loaded to the guards, with the sweat rolling down their grimy faces. Seated high on a towering wagon load of trunks and furniture rode Mrs. M. O., whose charming home the fire mercifully spared, in consideration perhaps of the hospitality of which it had long been the center. Neither the sooty streaks on her face, nor the unsteady seat could disturb the wonted dignity of manner, nor prevent the quiet smile, with which she seemed to accept the situation.

After several trips to Lincoln Park, I joined Mr. Ryerson in a reconnoissance on foot on the enemy's front. We found that the fire had passed Chicago avenue, and was then attacking the New England church at the corner of Dearborn avenue and Delaware place, and Unity church at Dearborn and Walton place. They were large stone structures roofed with slate, and standing quite apart from other buildings, and somewhat protected by the open space of Washington Park, to the windward. Diagonally opposite Unity church was the home of Mr. Mahlon Ogden, standing quite alone in the middle of the block, on the site now covered by the Newberry Library. Partly owing to its favorable situation, partly to the persistent defence made by the owner and his friends, this house and its stable, both large wooden structures, were saved—the only unburned things in the four-mile course of the fire, except the "Nixon building" on the present site of the New York Life Insurance building at La Salle and Monroe streets. At about eleven o'clock on Monday morning the fire had nearly reached Mr. Clarke's house and I started northward with my family and two other persons. I left them all at the house of my friend Mr. Belden F. Culver on Barry avenue in Lake View, and was returning southward to pick up Mr. and Mrs. Shackford and their little girl, Lizzie, whom I had passed on my way to Lake View, when I met Mr. William Clarke, wildly rushing through Lincoln Park, his hat gone, a towel that had once been white fluttering round his head, looking like some Indian chief in black war paint. "Where's Annie? Have you seen my wife?" he shouted. It seemed that soon after we had left, and when his house was actually on fire, he started away with his buggy loaded partly with the silver ware, and some house linen and clothes, but mainly with what was more precious in his sight, some books and pictures, which had not been removed by his friends.

Mrs. Clarke and her two boys, with Mr. Abram Clarke of Milwaukee, were to follow and meet her husband at an agreed spot in the park; but they had failed to arrive, and he was panic-struck with the fear that their retreat had been cut off. After driving about for some time, looking for the lost ones, I gave up the search, feeling sure that Mrs. Clarke's coolness and good judgment, and the help of her brother, would carry her through, which proved to be the case: the family were soon reunited, and made their way that afternoon, I think, to Milwaukee.

I returned to Mr. Culver's with the Shackfords, where we found my family and some twenty other refugees, enjoying a bountiful dinner, to which Mrs. Culver, in the absence of her husband, made all comers welcome.

Mr. Culver's house stood near the lake, nearly two miles from the fire, and was surrounded by oak trees, whose foliage was just putting on the autumn colors. So entirely had the idea of the all-conquering fire possessed our minds that it was gravely proposed to fell the trees nearest the house, lest they should burn and fire the house.

After refreshing ourselves and our horses, I helped some of the friends forward to neighboring houses, and then started with my own party to find shelter for the night. We decided to go to the house of my nephew by marriage, Dr. Geo. H. Cushing, on Graceland avenue at Halsted street in Lake View. We arrived there just in the gloaming of the autumn day. The house, like Mr. Culver's, stood among trees, and though the fire was two miles away, the south wind was laden with smoke. As we turned into the avenue, darkened by evergreens, a shuddering remonstrance rose from the females of the party, "Oh, don't stop here, we shall all be smothered in these woods!" It was quite superfluous, for the panic stricken Cushing family had long before buried their valuables and some food in the sand hill and had retreated across the prairies toward Riverside, some eighteen miles to the southwest. We decided then to push on in the dark to Emmanuel Hall, a great school for boys, some two miles west of Dr. Cushing's house.

On the way we passed an express wagon standing by the roadside, with the old horse tethered near by. Dr. Edward L. Holmes was perched on the fence, and in the wagon were his wife and children, and Mrs. Holmes' sister, Miss Wiese, wrapped in blankets, and comfortably camped for the night. It was about seven o'clock on Monday evening when we reached the cheery lights of the Hall. We had been stirring since eleven o'clock of the night before, and my wife, delicate in health, and caring for two young children, was quite exhausted. Some half dozen families had already been taken in, but we were made welcome by good Dr. Jones and his hospitable wife. A supper was improvised, and soon we were all trying to sleep as best we might on beds spread on the floor, the ladies and children being provided with mattresses and pillows, my boys and I sharing a couple of buffalo robes. I got up once during the night to look after my horses, which were picketed to a fence. A gentle rain was falling, and the fateful glare of the fire still reddened the southern sky, though sensibly decreasing.

The next morning, Tuesday, October 11, I drove with Mr. Charles A. Gregory, a fellow guest at Emmanuel Hall, to the city, to see what, if anything, remained of Chicago. We drove through Lincoln Park to its south end, and then south on Wells street. We could hardly tell one street from another in the flat waste of charred timbers, black chimneys and ashes. Chicago avenue we recognized by its car-tracks; there, learning that all the bridges across the main river had fallen, and that the La Salle street tunnel was obstructed with goods and furniture, we turned west, crossed the Chicago avenue bridge, and then went south through the unburned district on the West Side. At Lake, Randolph and Washington streets, we found great crowds of men, some wandering listless and dazed, others eagerly discussing the fire of yesterday and its hairbreadth escapes, and a few looking busily for offices to rent, ready to make a fresh start in life, and to begin rebuilding the ruined

city. These were the men of faith and courage, whose energy was to make reconstruction possible.

From this busy scene we pushed on through the unburned district, south and east, till we reached State street, at Sixteenth, where a temporary postoffice and telegraph office had been installed. Here was another crowd very like those we had met on the West Side. After standing in line for half an hour or so, I was able to wire friends in Boston that the family was alive and well.

As I remember it, the tone of these crowds of evicted, and seemingly ruined men, was hopeful, and even cheerful. Within view of the smoking heaps a few blocks away, it was good to stand on ground that did not blister the feet, and to walk among houses and shops still standing and occupied. We felt once more that there was still a living Chicago, that would some day rise from its ruin, fairer and stronger than before. As the day wore on, I began to feel hungry and faint, and, having no money, I asked a wealthy and well known citizen for a small loan. He kindly advanced a dime, with which I bought a few crackers, and I ate them with a relish.

When it had become evident on Monday that there would be great need of outside help, the Mayor and other citizens had telegraphed to Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other cities, "Many families homeless; send cooked food, clothing and blankets." Hearing in the afternoon that the first relief car had arrived from Cincinnati, and was then on the sidetrack at Kinzie street, Mr. Gregory and I drove thither, and told the persons in charge that we were driving to Lake View, whither many of the refugees had fled for shelter, and we offered to take out supplies to them if the committee wished. My buggy was soon loaded with bread, biscuit, bologna sausages and hams, and late in the afternoon we started on our homeward journey.

It was twilight when we got beyond the burnt district, and saw among the groves and scattered dwellings of Lake View, roadside camps, and here and there a family crouching under blankets or a carpet thrown over a fence. Then Mr. Gregory, standing in the buggy, would shout in a deep hollow tone, "Is there anybody hungry here? Here is food." Then would appear from the wayside or the prairie a man or a child, to whom would be given bread and meat according to the size of the family, and we passed on to the next camp. By the time we had reached Emmanuel Hall it was dark night, and we had given out our whole load except one big bologna sausage, which we carried in triumph into the cheerfully lighted dining hall, where the boys and the family were at supper.

In order to reduce as speedily as possible the needy and dependent population, who must soon become a public charge, the city government adopted the wise and humane policy of arranging with the railroad companies for free transportation of all who would go elsewhere. I decided at once that it was best that my wife should go with our two young children to the house of her parents in Boston, and that the two older boys should go to some school in the East. I therefore drove into town again with Mr. Gregory on Wednesday to get tickets by the Michigan Central route for the afternoon train of the next day. Berths on the sleeping cars were not included in the free tickets, but these were got on credit. I called at the house of my friend Mr. Wirt Dexter, which was near the improvised passenger station, and asked leave, which was very cordially given, to bring my family thither the next day for a short rest before taking the train.

On returning that afternoon to Emmanuel Hall I was rejoiced to find there my good cousin Edward P. Greeley of Nashua, Iowa. He had seen accounts of the Chicago fire in the papers, and, feeling sure that my house on the North Side had been burned, he jumped on the first train for Chicago, to lend a helping hand. He took neither purse nor scrip in his haste, but came as he was, with only a few dollars in his pocket. He reasoned that as the fire spread from the south, we should almost certainly retreat to Lake View; so he landed there, and by diligent inquiry traced us to the Hall. It was good to see a strong friendly face from the outer unburned world, and it waked us out of this three days' nightmare into the realities of life—life as it used to be last week and last year. Edward's cheery presence was a benediction in itself; but he brought us, besides, his practical help, and the few dollars he happened to have about him when he left home.

On Thursday, October 13, we all drove to Mr. Dexter's house, where we were most hospitably entertained. We were still in the costumes in which we had left our house four days before, and at my wife's request our hostess kindly gave us a retired room, where we could hide our poverty from other guests, who were dining there. One of these, a gentleman from Detroit, who had come to help organize a system of relief, handed our host twenty dollars for the comfort of the refugees on their journey. The money found ready use, and was repaid some weeks later.

We met Mr. and Mrs. Gregory at the train and traveled in their company, arriving on Saturday evening in Boston, where we were met and cared for by sympathizing friends. The whole baggage of the family consisted of the two pillow-cases containing linen and other things for the two babies. After those six days of constant movement, toil and anxiety, it was pleasant to rest in the quiet and good cheer of a home again. My wife resigned the little ones to the care of a willing and loving grandmother and aunt, and lay down to make up, if possible, the arrears of six nights' sleep.

It soon became evident that a task of great magnitude, difficulty and delicacy had fallen upon the surveyors of Chicago. The boundary line of thousands of lots in the burned district must be retraced for reoccupation and building; and this must be done in streets still hot and smoking, and that would burn and smoke for months. Land-marks were destroyed or covered by fallen ruins; and worse than all, the recorded plats, maps and deeds of property in the city and county were burned. This work could, of course, be properly done only by men of long experience in surveying in and about Chicago, familiar with the plats and with the physical conditions. There was no time to be lost, and so after buying clothing for myself and my men, I hastened back to Chicago, stopping a day in Troy to buy an outfit of instruments and tools from my old friends, Messrs. Gurley, instrument makers. Friends in Boston kindly advanced me a thousand dollars for immediate necessities. There were few boarding houses and no hotels left in Chicago, and my good friends Mr. and Mrs. Murry Nelson, who lived outside the burnt district, made me welcome in their pleasant home. My assistants, John Newman and Thomas Kennedy, were eagerly awaiting my return, and ready for work.

In looking back after this long interval I recall with wonder the ease and rapidity with which the people adapted themselves to the changed conditions in commerce, in domestic affairs, and in social relations. The eleventh of October, 1871, saw a city without a bank, a hotel, an office building, a theater, a wholesale store or a postoffice, with many of its principal churches destroyed and thirty thousand homes in ruins. Many of the fire-evicted people took refuge in cities and villages near by, and some in eastern cities; but most of

the men returned after a few weeks and sought temporary shelter,—as did many who remained, in the unburned parts of the city. The dwelling houses and other buildings skirting the burnt district on the south and west, were rented at large prices, and hastily converted to business uses; and great wooden barracks for temporary use were rapidly thrown up, by special permission of the city government, on the park property along the lake shore. These were soon tenanted by banks and stores.

Within fifteen days after the fire I had established my surveying office in the kitchen and laundry of a fashionable brick residence on Wabash avenue near Harrison street. The cooking range and laundry tubs, with a little engineering, were made to serve as stands for drawing boards and desks; the drawers, shelves and cupboard of the ci-devant chef held field books, plats, and maps; the spice boxes were convenient places for pencils, stamps, envelopes and other small stores, and some stray sad-irons, made excellent paper weights. My first survey in the burnt district was made, as my books show, on Oct. 24, 1871.

Happily, copies of many or all of the recorded plats had been saved by removal from the offices of the abstract firms in the night of the fire; some days later other copies were found unharmed in the fire-proof vaults of two real estate firms—Messrs. Ogden, Sheldon & Co., and Messrs. Rees, Pierce & Co. These copies were of vast use, indeed they were an absolute necessity, in restoring boundaries and in protecting titles. Without them there would have been chaos in land ownership. The city government promptly, and very wisely, bought of the two firms above named the right to copy their atlases and maps for public use, and the surveyors had free access to them for their professional work.

Coal piles, merchandise and timbers filled the basements, still smoking or smouldering, and forbidding all approach. The streets and sidewalks were obstructed with heaps of hot bricks and stones from fallen walls. The engine house of the city water works had been burnt and the engines and pumps were repaired as speedily as possible, but it took two or three weeks to put them in order. As soon as this was done, and circulation re-established, fire engines were kept at work throwing water on the ruins so that men and teams could work in clearing the debris. The eyes of the laborers and surveyors suffered greatly from dust and ashes, unless protected by goggles. Probably the horses suffered equally from the same cause, but their troubles were borne in silence and were little noticed.

There were four or five surveying offices in the city, and the men all worked with a will, helping each other with notes and personal recollections as to boundary lines and monuments and in many other ways. Professional rivalry was sunk, and every man seemed ready to do his best to help restore the city. With land marks obliterated and records destroyed, there was much room for difference of opinion among surveyors and for contention among owners. But such questions of boundary as arose were settled by conference, and there was surprisingly little controversy. I do not now remember a single instance of litigation over questions of this sort.

There were many other matters which were open to dispute. Among these were the bank accounts and the amount of insurance covered by policies, which had been destroyed. In most of the banks the money vaults and safes, while ruined themselves by the intense heat, yet had preserved their contents of currency and specie. But in many cases the books of account were burnt or so charred as to be illegible. The same was true of depositors whose places of business were burned.

In two or three weeks after the fire the banks had accommodated themselves in temporary quarters and reopened for business. Then depositors were invited to appear and file their claims for balances due them.

This had to be done largely from memory, and the statements could be only approximate, though there was generally some clue by which the statements could be checked. At the time of the fire I had a balance in bank of some six or seven hundred dollars, and my pass book had been balanced within a day or two, so that I was able to remember pretty closely the amount due me, and the sum I claimed was promptly placed to my credit in opening the new books.

As to fire insurance, my policy had expired, and on the day before the fire I had applied for new insurance, giving the agent, Mr. Lewis H. Davis, a pencil memorandum of the separate sums I wanted on house, on barn and on furniture and library. The insurance was accepted verbally by him, and the policy was to be drawn and delivered to me the next week. Some days after my return to Chicago from Boston I called upon the agent to inquire if the company held the verbal agreement good in the absence of the written policy.

Mr. Davis answered that the company considered the verbal agreement as binding, on my showing the amount agreed upon, and making due proof of loss. He asked me if I remembered the several items of insurance fixed. I wrote them down from memory and handed him the list, when he produced from his pocket the identical list, which I had handed him on the Saturday before the fire. The two lists agreed, a policy was issued for the amount, and after adjustment and proof, the amount was paid less ten per cent., which a rascally caitiff adjuster bullied me out of by threats that he could invalidate my proofs of ownership.

It seemed that Mr. Davis had visited his office during the night of the fire, in the hope of saving some of the contents; the fire caught it while he was there, and he had only time to seize a handful of loose papers lying on top of the desk, among which happened to be my memorandum.

Chicago soon became the center of attraction for all who had skill, muscle or material to sell; architects, contractors, artisans, mechanics, and laborers flocked hither in thousands. Tramps, too, and professional beggars, rushed in to snatch a share of the bounty which the world was pouring in for the succor of the stricken town.

While thousands were busy with hand and brain in rebuilding the material city, higher interests were not neglected. On a pleasant Sunday morning in that mad October, the Rev. Robert Collyer, pastor of Unity Church in the North Division of the city, and a handful of his people, held an open air service on the ruins of the church, pledging themselves to rebuild it as soon as possible, and meanwhile to assemble and meet together for Sunday worship as soon as a place could be provided. The same thing was probably done by the pastors and people of other churches.

The New England Church, the nearest neighbor of Unity Church, was able, in a few weeks, to build a temporary structure, which they generously offered to Unity for use on Sunday afternoons; it was gratefully accepted and so used.

To the Relief and Aid Society, a voluntary charitable association, organized some years before, was assigned, by common consent, the mighty task of receiving and disbursing the funds contributed and of purchasing supplies. They must care wisely and promptly for the destitute, who must be sheltered and fed till they could support themselves. All this involved a great financial scheme, which must be honestly, capably and accountably administered, and which re-

quired the constant hard work of many able brains and tireless hands.

With the theaters and public halls all destroyed, families scattered and society largely broken up, few, if any public amusements were offered, and little social life was possible. Some of the more active and energetic men and women set themselves to supply the want.

In the North Division of the city, the "Anonymous Club" was formed to give pleasant informal evening entertainments once a month. Home talent was to supply all the material, a fresh committee being appointed in rotation to cater for each meeting, with carte blanche as to the amusement to be provided; the only restriction being that there was to be no formal evening costume, and that the only refreshment to be provided by the hostess should be bread and butter and tea or coffee.

There were papers, poems, plays, burlesques, tableaux, games in great variety—all good and some brilliant.

The "Anonymous" ran successfully for two seasons. Then, as its members became more prosperous and lost the sense of oppression and misfortune, luxury and display crept in; the old simplicity faded, and the club was suffered to die a quiet and decorous death. Its reason for being had ceased when public places of amusement were restored, and Chicago began to resume the tone of a healthy and prosperous community.

A Legend of Harvest.

In ancient Israel, so say the seers,
Two brothers lived in peace—as brothers should,
And tilled that ground whereon in after years
King Solomon's illustrious temple stood.
A common heritage, each gave the field
His honest share of toil, and took therefrom
An equal portion of the summer's yield,
Nor grudged his part—nor held in doubt the sum.

But on the night the harvesting was done,
And all the corn lay heaped beneath the skies,
The elder kinsman sat in thought alone
And gently reasoned with himself this wise:
"My brother is not strong, and suffered sore
Beneath the heat and burden of the day,
Lo, I will take some sheaves from out my store,
Unknown, and add to his across the way."
And, reasoning thus, he did; then found sweet sleep.
Not so, howe'er, the younger of the twain.
Who lay awake and said, "How can I keep
My great, full half of all this golden grain,
I, who am still but one, whilst he must feed
His wife and little children from his share!"
So that same night, to meet a greater need,
He, too, in secret did what he deemed fair.

Now, when at break of day both cheerily
Came forth forth to work—with greeting, name for name—
Each scarce concealed his wonderment to see
His separate stack of sheaves was still the same!
And when, next night, and next, in love, anew
These Jewish kinsmen gave by stealth their best—
But all in vain—behold the riddle grew
Exceeding strange and caused them much unrest:
Until at last its secret was revealed
To both at once (blest be the Hand that weaves
Such threads of chance), for half across their field
They met one night—each bent with heavy sheaves!

Ah, kinsman true, no offering later laid
By Solomon upon the costliest shrine
Of this immortal ground, was better made
Than yours, nor gave to heaven a holier sign!

AUGUSTUS V. BOMBERGER.

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

To-Day.

How glorious is the light of day,
Within the kingdom I call mine;
How blessedly the light has sway,
And from my eyes doth sweetly shine!

The flowers but live a dreamy life,
All beautiful indeed and dear,
But here am I to meet the strife,
And be a victor everywhere!

And here am I for this good day,
To do the best I surely can,
To let the light in fulness play,
And show how I am all a man!

The bones of dead men turn to dust,
The withered hands are shorn of skill,
But here am I with love and trust,
To dare and do my own true will!

To live in joy the present hour,
I am so full of life and strong;
There streams through me the bliss of power,
To turn my life to sweetest song!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

University Extension.

The South Side center of the University Lecture Association will conduct four courses of lectures on Tuesday evenings during the ensuing winter in the auditorium of the new Lincoln center, Oakwood Blvd. and Langley Ave., and until the completion of this will use All Souls Church, directly across the boulevard. The lecturers at this center will be as follows:

Oct. 4—Nov. 8.—Prof. James H. Breasted: "History and Civilization of Egypt" (six illustrated lectures).

Nov. 15—Dec. 23.—Prof. J. Paul Goode: "Our Natural Resources—Their Economic Significance" (six illustrated lectures).

Jan. 10—Feb. 14.—Mr. William N. Guthrie: "Studies in Comic Literature" (six lectures).

Feb. 21—Mar. 28.—Prof. Jerome H. Raymond: "European Capitals and Their Social Significance" (six illustrated lectures).

The following are the topics of Professor Breasted's lectures on "The History of the Civilization of Egypt." Each lecture will be fully illustrated with stereopticon views.

October 4—The Dawn of Civilization.
October 11—The Pyramids; the Oldest Human Buildings.
October 18—The Middle Empire; Social Life in the Time of Abraham.
October 25—The New Empire; The Rise of Thebes.
November 1—Egyptian Art; its Lessons and its Legacy to Later Nations.
November 8—Egyptian Literature; Narrative and Legend, Proverbial Wisdom and Poetry.

Chicago.—The Cambrian constituency of Chicago is no mean element in the civic and religious life of this city. Last Friday night a notable banquet was given at the Grand Pacific Hotel in honor of the return of Rev. Jones, pastor of the Welsh Presbyterian church, and his wife, from a sojourn in Wales, where this Chicago minister won great honors as a moving preacher at the great national Cymanfa of his body. Prof.

Prof. William Apmadoc acted as toast master and the Senior Editor of UNITY was one of the speakers. The patriotism of this expatriated people is a silent but eloquent testimony to the power of speech, the prophecy of the old bard Taliessein who wrote over a thousand years ago:

> Their God they will worship,
> Their language they will keep,
> Their land they will lose,
> Save wild Wales.

Their national song culminates always in the chorus, "May the old speech continue." It may be that William Morris's dream in "News from Nowhere" will yet be realized. The time may come when the children of London, all of them, will speak English and Welsh with equal familiarity. Words are the most deathless things that the human mind has coined.

Foreign Notes.

RANDOM NOTES ON RECENT CONGRESSES.—September has been a month of congresses at home and abroad. For adequate notices of the same, persons interested will look elsewhere than in this little back corner of UNITY, but I venture to collect here some random notes from various sources.

Dr. W. M. Brundage, the genial Unitarian minister from Albany, N. Y., with his wife, passed through Chicago last week on their way east from St. Louis. They were full of enthusiasm over the fine addresses they had heard from such distinguished foreign scholars as Harnack, Pfleiderer and others at the International Scientists' Congress so ably planned by Prof. Münsterberg. Not less great, however, was their enthusiasm over the persuasive and thought-inspiring eloquence of Felix Adler. Dr. Adler spoke a most fitting word for the consideration of our foreign guests. The chief characteristic of the American people, he said, is not so much a love of money, the ceaseless pursuit of the "almighty dollar," as it is a passion for work, a furor for doing things, for bringing something to pass; the natural characteristic of a young people struggling with the development of a new continent. Yet this passion for work is not necessarily a virtue; whether it is or not depends on how it is applied. The great danger to-day lies in the tendency toward a quantitative rather than a qualitative standard of achievement.

While quality was not neglected in the planning of this congress, quantity was certainly one of its characteristics. Think of having to choose whom one would try to hear out of ten simultaneous speakers every hour, some of whom were obliged to deliver their message in overcrowded, inadequate rooms, where the difficulty of hearing was much increased by the constant coming and going of people who could find no seats!

On the other side of the Atlantic, the second Philosophical Congress, recently held at Geneva, has been attracting considerable attention. In the course of preparation for the assembling of the congressists, the Swiss Federal Council was asked for an appropriation of 1,000 francs. The request was refused on the ground that philosophy did not come within the province of the federal constitution. Commenting on this, a writer in the *Semaine Littéraire* observes that zoölogy seems to come within its province better, since the Zoölogical Congress—held at Bern, it is true—received the sum of 10,000 francs, or ten times as much as was asked for the philosophers. From this one might conclude that the Federal Council is more interested in beasts than in ideas.

Notwithstanding the lack of federal support, the congress seems to have been a great success. Apropos of its place of meeting the *Journal des Débats* says: Strangers have too marked a tendency to see in Geneva only the "Protestant Rome," the stronghold of Calvinism, the bulwark of one of the most absolute forms of protestant dogmatism. Geneva represents all that, to be sure, but it represents something besides; its tradition is made up of elements much more varied, much more heterogeneous than people seem to think. If Calvin impressed upon his adopted country an ineffaceable stamp, it must not be forgotten that Jean Jacques Rousseau likewise exercised no little influence over this republic.

If the moral atmosphere of Geneva owes much to the *Institutio Christianae Religionis*, she has also borrowed from the principles of the Savoyard vicar. On the borders of so smiling a lake, and in face of the magnificent spectacle which nature here presents, how could the Genevese fail to yield to the temptation to temper with a suspicion of "naturalism," the dogma transmitted to them by their ancestors? They have not failed to do so. In the course of centuries, Calvinism, I assure you, has become humanized. Geneva is no longer—if she ever was—an exclusively theological city. The sciences—more even than dogmatics—are to-day honored there.

Philosophy tending more and more to make common cause with the natural sciences, and, falling into the hands of another master, to become a humble *ancilla scientiae*, was it not logical that the first philosophical congress held in 1900 at Paris, city of light, should be followed in 1904 by one at Geneva, the cosmopolitan laboratory of ideas?

It is said that M. Ernest Naville, honorary president of this congress, has passed his 88th year. Does philosophy teach how to live both well and long? His example would make it seem so. Prof. Naville again broke a lance in favor of spiritualism, "logical and complete," the doctrine of his whole life and main-spring of his writings. He confined himself to an elaboration from his point of view of this saying of Prof. Boutroux of the Sorbonne, and a prominent member of the congress: "Philosophy is the effort of the spirit toward unity and harmony in the speculative and practical life of humanity," and he drew from this definition all that it contained. He endeavored to show that the unity spoken of finds its realization only in the Christian doctrine of the creation. M. Naville is both a profound philosopher and an orator of clear and elegant diction, who does not disdain frankly to think "from the standpoint of eternity." How could one listen unmoved to this confession of faith in which an old man of eighty-eight summed up the experience of a whole life devoted to the disinterested search for truth?

Concerning the International Press Congress, the *Journal de Genève* reports that the president of the Austrian Council of Ministers, Mr. von Koerber, in welcoming the congressists to Vienna, stated, among other things, that there is an end of police influence on newspapers. This welcome intelligence will be taken, if not as an accepted fact, at least as an augury for the future and in some sort a promise. It will be especially pleasing to Viennese editors. As for Russians, if any were so bold as to attend the congress, they doubtless know very well what this declaration amounts to so far as they are concerned. Nevertheless those of us who wield the pen can but congratulate ourselves that such a word has been spoken and from such a mouth.

A member of the Catholic clergy, Abbé Schmou, outdid Minister von Koerber by declaring that, in his opinion the press is not the sixth power, as the latter had said, but indisputably the first, no doubt because it is universal and because, of all the voices which make themselves heard in this century it is certainly the one which carries furthest.

Finally, the anti-Semite burgomaster of Vienna, the notorious Dr. Lueger, declared that he would shut both eyes to welcome the journalists without distinction of party or birth. The Swiss editor sees in this greeting an excess of optimism, deeming it neither just nor proper to include in one common category the violent and the moderate; those who preach concord among fellow citizens and those who encourage class hatred. It is not fair, he says, to journalism to give the same praise to those who do honor to the profession by their moderation and loyalty and those who compromise it by their violence not merely toward ideas but toward persons.

The tenth Congress of Ophthalmology has just closed its sessions at Lucerne, and Naples was decided upon as the next place of meeting. At the recent congress the Ophthalmological Society of St. Petersburg joined the ranks, as also the American society. The twelfth congress will probably be held in America.

M. E. H.

The Sunday School.

We reproduce below the card published by the Unitarian Society at Geneseo, Illinois, to show how one Sunday-school does it. This may represent the most wooden of work, but it may also represent the most valuable work. If there be a teachers' meeting to enlarge the subject, if the parents do co-operate and if the children do work, it will be a Sunday-school worth while.

September 4, 1904.

1. The Fatherhood of God.
   I Believe in the Fatherhood of God. Therefore I have no fear, but go about my daily work in trustfulness and gladness of heart.
   Parable of the Prodigal Son. Luke xv:11-32.

September 11.

2. The Brotherhood of Man.
   I Believe in the Brotherhood of Man. Therefore, I love my fellow men, and act with good will toward all.
   Parable of the Good Samaritan. Luke x:25-37.

September 18.

3. The Leadership of Jesus.
   I Believe in the Leadership of Jesus. Therefore, I follow Him.
   The Beatitudes. Matt. v:3-10.
   Parable of the Lilies. Matt. vi:26-33.

September 25.

4. Salvation by Character.
   I Believe in Salvation by Character. Therefore, I keep my heart pure, and my thoughts set upon high things, that I may grow into the life divine.
   Phil. iv:8; Matt. v:43-45.

October 2.

5. Eternal Life.
   I Believe in the Progress of Mankind Onward and Up-

ward Forever. Therefore, the cares of this world cannot utterly weigh me down. The glory of the Unseen is ever before me. I live not for this world only, but in anticipation of an infinite future. I Corinthians xv:49, 53, 54.

In addition to the above, each member of the school is asked to commit the names of all the Old Testament books during the time of the five lessons.

These lessons are to be committed together with the scriptural references. The Parables may be told in the scholars' own language. At the expiration of the time all who have not fallen below a record of 80 per cent. for each Sunday will receive a reward.

Parents are urgently requested to assist their children in the study of these lessons.

The Japanese Soldier.

And our Japanese soldier knows that *he* shall be honored if he serves his country well. "Man lives but his lifetime; his name it is that lives to posterity," has been told him from his childhood. He believes the ancient heroes of his race are watching him and guiding him. The banner of his regiment has characters written by his Emperor, and was given to his regiment by the Emperor himself, the chief by birth of his race. Such being the banner, and consequently the inborn memories of the race twining round it, the soldier sees with the eye of his faith his ancestors marching before the standard of the Rising Sun. He knows he has the deep fellow feeling of his living countrymen, and that if he dies he shall be honored, for endless generations, with offerings and festivals by his countrymen yet to come. Nothing is so real to him as what he feels; and he feels that with him are united the past, the present, and the future generations of his countrymen. Thus fully conscious of the intense sympathy of his compatriots both dead and living, and swelled with lofty anticipation of his glorious destiny, no danger can appall, and no toil can tire the real Japanese soldier.

—*Nobushige Amenomori, in the October Atlantic.*

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